

The most lamentable Tragedie

Marrie for Iustice she is so imployd,
He thinks with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Titus. He doth me wrong to feede me with delays,
He diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.

Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can beare:
And sith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heauen and moue the Gods,
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*,

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, that's for you, here *ad Apollonem*,

Ad Martem, that's for my selfe,

Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,

To *Saturnine*, to *Cains*, not to *Saturnine*,

You were as good to shoote against the wind.

Too it boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid,

Of my word I haue written to effect,

There's not a God left vnfollicited.

Marcus. Kindsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Titus. Now Maisters draw, oh well said *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marcus. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marcus. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And

of Titus

And who should finde them
Shee laught, and tolde the M
But giue them to his maister f
Titus. VVhy there it goes,

Enter the Clowne with a b

Titus. Newes, newes from
Marcus the poast is come.

Sirra what tydings, haue you a
Shall I haue iustice, what sayes

Clowne. Ho the liebbetmal
ken them downe againe, for th
the next weeke.

Titus. But what sayes *Iupiter*

Clowne. Alas sir, I know not
I neuer dranke with him in all

Titus. Why villaine, art no

Clowne. I of my pidgions fir

Titus. VVhy, didst thou ne

Clowne. From heauen, alas
God forbid I should bee so bol
young dayes.

Why I am going with my pidg
take vp a matter of brawle b
the Emperialls men.

Marcus. Why sir, that is a
Oration, and let him deliuer the
from you.

Titus. Tell mee, can you de
perour with a grace.

Clowne. Nay truely sir, I co
life.

Titus. Sirra come hither, ma